

Nazareth Year Book

Sister M. St. John

Dorothy E. Hofmayer 15.

Senior Year Book

P u b l i s h e d b y

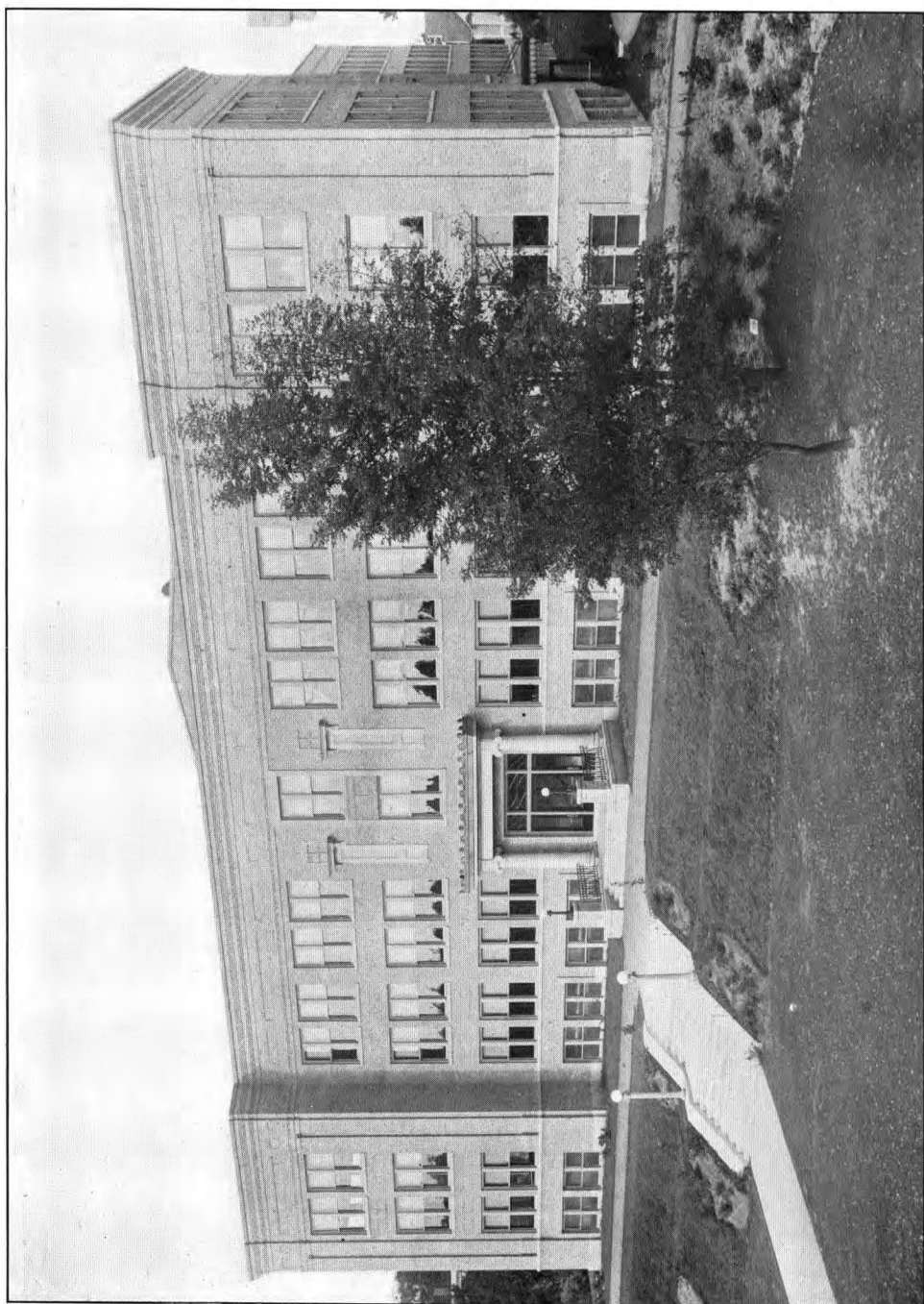
The Class of 1917

Nazareth Academy

Rochester, New York

"Dominus Illuminatio Mea"

[illegible]



NAZARETH ACADEMY, LAKE AVENUE

To Reverend Mother Agnes

*we dedicate this book
in humble recognition of her great work as a builder,
first of a great personal character,
worthy of our highest admiration ;
then as a builder of a society through whose labors and influence
the highest gifts of mind and soul have been widely disseminated ;
and finally as a builder of this temple of learning,
at whose altar-fires we have lighted our lamps
that the light of truth and faith and strong virtue
may shine out unto blessedness.*



Our Flag

Free from the breath of an olden war,
Proud gleam your folds afar;
And, lo! a dusty pilgrim wind
Kisses each stripe and star.

Beneath the red of your war-scarred stripes,
Under the stars of peace,
The throbbing notes of the bugles call,—
That wars may cease.

Flag of our Country! Down the years
We've kept high faith for you,
For the hero dead, for the pillar-fire
That gleams red, white, and blue.
Dorothy D. Spencer

F o r e w o r d

*After a weary time,
We have made a book for you
Picture and prose and rhyme—
All of it perfectly true.*

*After the aging years,
When places and friends you knew
Have faded away in tears
Then read our book anew!*



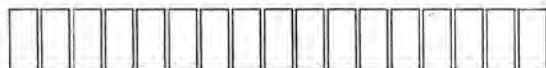


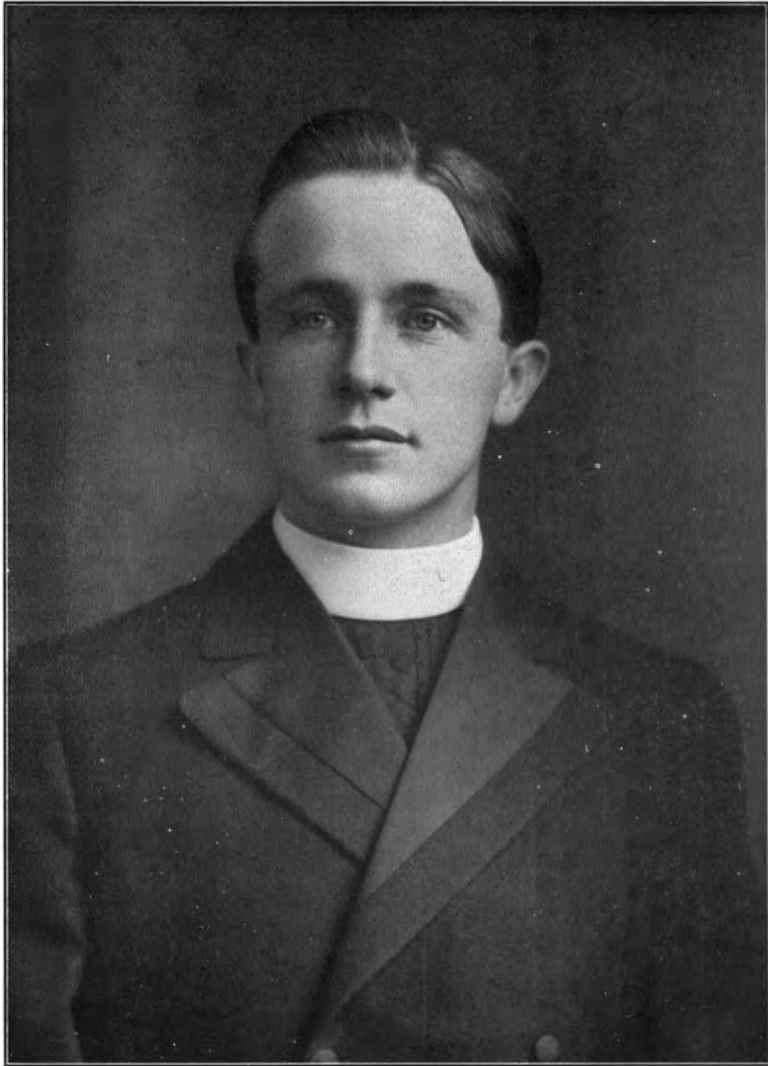
RT. REV. THOMAS F. HICKEY, D. D.

*Our strong patron and
unfailing friend*

Our Bishop

IT is the high privilege of the students of Nazareth Academy to have for their spiritual leader the Right Reverend Bishop Hickey. It was largely due to the untiring efforts of our Bishop that our new school was made possible. Now that it has become so vital and exultant a reality, he has brought into it a spirit of helpfulness and faithful co-operation. He has brought to it inspiration that moves to splendid endeavor, and he has given us some sparks of his high faith in mankind. His interest in Nazareth and in Nazareth students has been broad and far-reaching and has always retained a large personal element. The reverent and affectionate esteem of our Bishop will remain with us as a force for noble aspiration and higher human activities when we are done forever with the life of the classroom.





REV. EDWARD B. SIMPSON, Ph. B.
Instructor in Religion

1917

Our songs are over and done and our books are closed away,
We're called to take our places in the ranks of a war-red day;
We bid good-bye to the careless years and our lips are reft of mirth—
But now the wide world beckons and we must prove our worth.

We wrought our vision of elfin gold into a deathless dream,
We sought our way to the starry heights and followed fast the gleam;
We smiled at stories of old Romance and tales of a new Crusade,
And yet we treasure our memories up lest they should one day fade!

Ours is the Class of Seventeen and our name shall shine afar,
Earnest we strove and all our deeds the years shall never mar;
And now that our day is at an end and our laughter dies away—
We shall guard the faith, we shall keep the course through sunny times
and gray!

Classmates and Friends, our day is gone and the far-off voice of the world
Has drowned in our ears the class-room hum and our challenge to life is
hurled;

Forth we go in a weary hour yet strong are our hearts and gay,
For the cry of the age we shall answer—and serve from day to day!

Dorothy D. Spencer.



Academic Class

Olga E. Baglin 106 Reynolds Street

SS. Peter and Paul's School

Olga is always as busy as a bee. She can do any number of things at once and when not helping someone else she is helping herself. She cannot avoid reaching success in future years, for she's headed just that way.

Helen B. Ball 146 Cady Street

Immaculate Conception School

Helen can be serious—sometimes. She can write great stories, debate with enthusiasm and dance like a nymph. She is very popular and manages to get lots of fun out of life.

Hildred M. Brown 123 Albemarle Street

Lake View School

This modest maiden resigned the class presidency because she already held an office. Hildred is a daughter Nazareth can well be proud of. She belongs to the Constellation of First Magnitudes boasted by the Class of 1917. She is Vice President of the Book-Lovers' Club.

Esther M. Callahan
339 Augustine Street

Bright, carefree and winsome is our Esther.

How industrious she looks with her arm full of books. But she enjoys life just the same.

Marie E. Christie 131 Selye Terrace

Nazareth Grammar School

Marie is President of the most illustrious Class that ever disturbed the serenity of Nazareth. Never has a class elected a better President. She believes that a little pep in life is wholesome.

Marion C. Collins 112 Glendale Park

Holy Rosary School

If you want to know Marion's ability as an English scholar, just turn to the account of the Book-Lovers' Club. Her cheery voice is always encouraging us, when we are struggling with lessons.



Mabel D. Crouch 9 Edgewood Park

Immaculate Conception School

Mabel brings joy into everyone's life. One simply cannot feel gloomy when she is around. She has great histrionic talent and can sing like a canary bird. We all love her.

Esther C. Downs Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nazareth Grammar School

Esther is one of the best known pupils at Nazareth, having been a boarder for many years. With Virgil we can say "Quis te tacitam relinquit?" The music that Esther can produce on her violin can best be described as heavenly. Besides Esther is an all around "good scout."

M. Angela Fitz Gerald
Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

Angela is a new student boarder at Nazareth from Honeoye. We certainly were glad to welcome so sweet a girl into our midst and to increase our army, thus bringing honor to the Blue and Gold.

M. Angela Fitz Gerald '17

Frances M. Gaffney
1440 St. Paul Street

St. Bridget's School

"To see our Nancy is to love her."

Here is one of the jolliest girls of the Class of '17. Humorous, witty and studious, she is the delight of teachers and classmates, and loves all without exception.

Margaret M. Hamlin
3948 Lake Avenue

Holy Cross School

Marg is Charlotte's biggest contribution. Though she boasts some length, she is apt to shrink, especially if she thinks she is going to be called on next. She writes poetry and studies with reckless abandon. Otherwise she is a perfectly normal girl.

Alice K. Hanna 32 Glasgow Street

Immaculate Conception School

In her happy sphere Alice knows no care. Her whole being seems to be permeated with the dew of youth. Kindness, generosity and good companionship are the chains that bind her to our hearts.



Anna C. Karnes 1458 Lake Avenue
Sacred Heart School

Anna is first class in everything, lessons, music, dancing, art and also in her head gear. Some accomplishments! We hope, Anna, in years to come a few more will be added.

Anna C. Kettell St. Catharine, Ontario
Nazareth Grammar School

Anna is our Vice President. Although she was born under the "Union Jack," she is now one of Uncle Sam's adopted daughters. As a debater she is worthy of note. She has a talent for drawing which occasionally gets her into trouble.

Louise E. Lawson 33 Alexis Street
Corpus Christi School

Louise is working hard to conquer, and we hope that she will have every reason to rejoice at the close of school. She has always kept her exceptional good nature and her popularity.

Louise Lawson.

Rosalie C. Maier
878 Clinton Avenue N.
St. Michael's School

This is the other "Twin." What is said below of her twin applies also to her, enlistment and all, with one exception, that she does not hold the same office on the Senior Annual Board. Rosalie is Business Manager. Her long absence was occasioned not by volunteer farming but by "measles."

Marie E. Magin 312 Bernard Street
Holy Redeemer School

Look at this picture and the one above and you will behold the Siamese Twins. Marie's loyalty extends not only to her Alma Mater but also to her country for she has enlisted as a Red Cross Nurse. She is Editor-in-Chief of the Senior Annual and one of the class debaters. Marie is by all means prominent in Class activities.

Marie Magin '17

Marjorie M. Mangin
102 Elmdorf Avenue
Brighton School

Marj was a recent Syracuse girl, but we are mighty glad that she came to Rochester. She is of such a sunny disposition that it radiates through her golden tresses. She has plenty of gray matter, too; if you doubt my words, just listen to her translate Latin.



Agnes E. McLaughlin

1278 Lyell Avenue

Holy Apostles School

Agnes is a wonder. Not many girls can manage a combined course. Agnes has done this with ease and has had time to burn. Keep it up, Agnes, and cover up back records.

Viola M. McNiel

Birdsall, N. Y.

Dansville High School

Viola is another of our boarders. She is bright and happy and does not seem to "bother" at all. Ask her what the trouble is with the trains coming to Rochester after the holidays? But never mind, Vi, soon you will not need to board any more trains for Rochester except for the Class reunions.

"Billie" McNiel-

Edna J. Miller

3 Willowbank Place

SS. Peter and Paul's School

Edna allows no such troublesome matters as unprepared lessons to disturb her happy life, for she does not believe in troubling trouble. Edna is always ready for fun. Have you heard her play the violin?

Edna J. Miller.

Josephine M. Miller

24 Saratoga Avenue

St. Anthony's School

Our Joe is a demure little lady. She is always true blue, especially if you are stranded on the isle of an unprepared lesson. She is a born linguist, for she converses in four languages.

Margaret V. Morgan

Waterloo, N. Y.

Nazareth Grammar School

Margaret's smile spells good nature. She is always helping some one out and that is why we like her. Her gentle manners have won for her a host of friends.

Mary E. Moran

233 Lake Avenue

Nazareth Grammar School

Mary is our Hannibal who has declared eternal enmity to gloom. Punctuality is another strong principle of her. She wouldn't be late for the world. Would you, Mary?



Marie M. Murphy 2 New York Street

Cathedral Grammar School

Marie's striking characteristic is versatility, for she can do anything and she always does it just right. Marie has won many honors and has contributed much to the fun of our class.

Agatha C. O'Bolger 409 Lake Avenue

Nazareth Grammar School

Agatha is one of our class "Steeple Jacks," very convenient for some not so fortunate, especially in English. She is a wonder in class. But above all she is a promising cartoonist.

Monica I. Quinlivan 56 Colvin Street

Cathedral Grammar School

The girl with the exquisite tastes! Music, poetry and art appeal to her. She makes many friends and her friendships are true. She is a good student and works for the honor of the school.

Marguerite E. Rosengreen
61 Edinburgh Street

Immaculate Conception School

Marg is a happy-go-lucky. Nothing ever bothers her, not even her lessons. She always manages to scrape through, especially in chemistry.

Hortense P. Savard
104 Holbrook Street

Nazareth Grammar School

"Horie" is one of our shining lights. Her diligence has been rewarded by the bestowal upon her of the Salutatory. Added to this she is also President of the Book-Lovers' Club. But "Horie" likes play as well as work and this is her motto: "All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl."

Elizabeth A. Schleyer
217 Gregory Street

St. Boniface School

"All hail to the Chief!" Elizabeth, all hail to thee! "Prof." is not only the admiration of 1917, but also of all the students of Nazareth Academy. Every one has heard of her not only in the school but also beyond its portals. But her success has been well deserved and the Class of 1917 is proud to claim her as its Valedictorian.



Florence E. Tobin

Rush, N. Y.

Nazareth Grammar School

Florence is just the kind of girl the world needs on gloomy days for she has the faculty of cheering people. Torchy is a very capable girl and we're very proud to have her among our number.

"Torchy" Tobin

Lucille C. Vogt

137 Lincoln Street

Holy Redeemer School

Lucille is an all around good companion. She is quiet until the fun starts and then! What Lu says goes. We all know that she is a good worker. What would the Annual be without her untiring efforts?

Margaret Whalen

3654 Lake Avenue

Holy Cross school

Haste makes waste, therefore Margaret takes her time. When she has nothing else to do she studies, but she seldom has to resort to this, for she generally finds other means of diversion.

Carolyn Withy

24 Sumner Park

Immaculate Conception School

Carol is one of the jolliest members of the class. She lets nothing disturb her equanimity not even Physics. Carol enjoys life thoroughly and never misses a thing.

Sarah Withy '17

The Nazareth Girl

What gleam on the banks of the Genesee river,
Brings poets and scholars and scientists hither?
Its light bathes in glory the bank of the stream,
And shimmers all golden like the maze of a dream.

'Tis Nazareth, our Nazareth, with torch high uplifted
Attracting sweet maids, fair as snows newly drifted;
They come from the hamlet, the city, the farm,
In troops and battalions armed each with a—charm.
For broad Naz'reth's culture and high is her aim;
Full many a genius to her fostering lays claim—
Both lawyers and doctors—and teachers four-score,
Of helpers in commerce, a hundred times more.

Than those reigning queenly in many a home,
The earth sees none fairer, nor heaven's high dome.
Then a cheer for the Naz'reth girl noble and true,
Who stands by her colors, the Yellow and Blue!

Helen A. Cullinan.



Commercial Class

Eleanor M. Bailey 439 Portland Avenue

Holy Redeemer School

It has been Eleanor's greatest misfortune to have her name begin with "Ba" as so many things were apt to go in alphabetical order, when Eleanor would prefer to remain in the background.

Helen M. Barry 2 Kensington Street

St. Augustine's School

"Helen, will you please speak louder?"

Marguerite D. Beck 21 Yale Street

Blessed Sacrament School

Marguerite's witty and ready answers have saved the class more than once from awkward situations.

Mildred E. Bettner 188 Lincoln Street

Holy Redeemer School

Mildred's ringing laugh is one of the joys of the class, for it reminds you of silver bells and rippling streams.

Emily B. Brescia 256 Davis Street

Mt. Carmel School

Emily always had the habit of being in school before other girls had harkened to the call of the alarm clock.

Lillian A. Brown 524 Ames Street

Holy Apostles School

Lillian, the unassuming and reliable, who could never be phased by the most difficult questions.



Beatrice G. Burke 90 Locust Street
Holy Rosary School
"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."

Marion C. Burns 312 Conkey Avenue
St. Bridget's School
"I love the name of honour more than I fear death."

Marion A. Busendorfer 87 Adams Street
Immaculate Conception School
One of the most quiet of a quiet (?) crowd.
A girl loved by all her classmates.

Helen A. Cullinan 340 Birr Street
St. Bridget's School
Helen by her marvelous playing has found a corner in the hearts of her friends whom she pleases so willingly.

M. Lucille Daley 150 Kenwood Avenue
No. 29 School
Worry or trouble never change her countenance of sunshine, merriment, laughter.

Helen L. DeLano 1 Willow Street
Cathedral School
A rather timid little lady, admired by all the girls because of her gentle manner.



Marion V. Dennis 235 Electric Avenue

Sacred Heart School

Our actress from whom we expect great things. A Bernhardt in the making. However, Marion is far from worldly minded. Did you hear the compliment she received from our religious instructor?

Elizabeth V. Dillon
28 Myrtle Street, Le Roy, N. Y.

Le Roy High School

"As pure as a pearl
And as perfect, a noble and innocent girl."

Marion T. Dingleline
653 Main Street West

Holy Apostles School

9:05, Marion enters: "Well, it wasn't my fault, I missed the car!"

Terisita C. Dorschel 75 Charlotte Street

St. Joseph's School

"Her maiden gentleness charms all."

Margaret E. Dower 337 Reynolds Street

Immaculate Conception School

"Why worry and take all the joy out of life?"

Margaret A. Dwyer 42 Texas Street

Holy Apostles School

"What was that you said? Start it over again! Tell me all about it."



Florence M. Englert 84 Scrantom Street

St. Michael's School

There's always mischief in her eyes.

Marie C. Ereth 47 Tacoma Street

Holy Rosary School

Girls, did you ever notice the "taking way" that Marie has?

Marie T. Ernstberger

237 Alphonse Street

Holy Redeemer School

Marie has great capacity for losing things—especially home work transcript.

Laura M. Farese

18 Sherman Street

Cathedral School

Laura's principal asset is her silver voice, in which can be whispered almost any excuse.

Grace E. Farrell

7 Flint Place

SS. Peter and Paul's School

She may be little, but her possibilities are big.

Marguerit . Fehrenback

114 Elmdorf Avenue

Holy Family School

Simple and plainness are the soul of



Mary V. Feltz

83 Finch Street

Holy Rosary School

Mary may be a little slow, but if there is anything she can do for you she will do it and expect nothing in return.

Marguerite E. Fien

1094 Lyell Avenue

Holy Family School

Marguerite, although one of our smallest members, has a bright mind coupled with a strong will, forming an excellent combination.

Clara L. Fink

1368 Clifford Avenue

Holy Redeemer School

Clara is a firm believer in the proverbial silver-lining, for she always wears a sunny smile.

Gertrude M. Fischer

488 Child Street

Holy Apostles School

Gertrude has an unusual combination of brains and wit seasoned with a strong desire to tease.

Mae F. Fitzpatrick

431 Lexington Avenue

Holy Rosary School

"Let me take your night work, mine isn't half finished."

Helen L. Flahive

402 William Street, Elmira, N. Y.

SS. Peter and Paul's School

The most agreeable companion, the truest friend.



Violet M. Fromm 58 Hortense Street

Holy Family School

Her manners gentle, her affections mild.

Helen E. Garvin 403 Birr Street

Holy Rosary School

Helen, our star, could always be relied upon to get the class out of any difficulty with her ready answers.

Edna D. Grivet 81 Fernwood Avenue

St. Francis Xavier School

In Edna's tiny person we have the embodiment of art and literature. Her essays are works of art, and her drawings—well, you should see them!

Ursula M. Hery 145 Masseth Street

Holy Apostles School

God made a heart of gold, of gold,
Shining and sweet and true,
Gave it a home of fairest mold,
Blessed it and called it—you!

Helen T. Kavanaugh 59 Elba Street

Corpus Christi School

Our queenly Helen. Her voice and manner speak the lady every time.

Dolores M. Kinsella 250 Barton Street

St. Monica's School

"A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles by human kindness bred."



Eloise M. Krapf 143 Bay Street

St. Francis Xavier School

"I hear, and say not much, but think the more."

Mildred A. Laemlein 31 Hoff Street

Holy Redeemer School

Mildred was never too busy to leisurely sharpen a pencil or bother some one with foolish questions.

Margaret M. Lake 19 Upton Park

Cathedral School

A plodder and a student capable of holding her own in any class.

Marion Lawn 61 Beacon Street

Corpus Christi School

Marion has learned the art of smiling at cares and seriousness generally. She believes that thus she will live longer.

M. Irene Leary 123 Henrietta Street

Blessed Sacrament School

"When I will, I will,
When I won't, I won't."

Mary C. Leggiero 51 Spencer Street

St. Anthony's School

Mary is the only Parisian among our number. Her French books have always held untold mysteries for the rest of us.



Ellen A. Martin 717 Ridgeway Avenue

Sacred Heart School

Ellen, 'tis true is a shorthand star,
And there is no chance for her to fall below par.

Mildred B. May 20 Darien Street

A joke of Mildred's fills us with laughter,
And banishes gloom for a long time after.

Lucy R. Menard 784 Jay Street

Holy Apostles School

Our Lucy is as "neat as wax" and as
systematic as the ticking of a clock. Her work
is excellence itself.

Marguerite C. McNamara
89 Locust Street

Holy Rosary School

With her winning smile and care free air,
She makes good friends everywhere.

Alida M. Neary Barnard, N. Y.

St. John's School

If still waters run deep, Alida's mind must
be fathomless—and we believe it is.

Cecilia M. Niebling 330 Clifford Avenue

St. Michael's School

An extraordinary girl is she,
Her lessons never kept her after three. (?)



Miriam C. Nier

8 Calihan Park

Holy Apostles School

One of those individuals who has mastered the art of shining in everything. She is now looking for other worlds to conquer.

M. Evaritta O'Brien

142 Woodbine Avenue

St. Augustine's School

With hair of gold and eyes of blue,
She surely has broken our hearts in two.

Gertrude A. Obringer

589 Hayward Avenue

St. Joseph's School

Our authoress sublime will shine in future publications.

Marie O'Hara

49 Russell Street

Holy Family, Auburn, N. Y.

Shy looking but her shyness hides "millions of mischief."

Mary E. Primeau

47 Avenue A

St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay, Ont.

Her eyes of a dark, dark hue,
Were made to love,—and that we do.

Isabelle A. Renaud

79 Wilder Street

SS. Peter and Paul's School

Isabelle in Correspondence Class
Is surely the most entertaining lass.



Alice E. Rombaut 250 Birr Street

Holy Rosary School

She is like the lily tall and straight
And always she is up-to-date.

Viola W. Schiffhauer
Lexington Avenue, Gates

Holy Rosary School

One of the finest pupils of our class,
Is this retiring and bashful lass.

Anna E. Schnurr 50 Oakland Street

St. Mary's School

Her affections are mild and her manners
gentle.

Bernadine F. Schuhart
56 Clifford Avenue

St. Michael's School

Haven't you ever heard it: "Well, I don't
see why?"

Mary M. Schuster 219 Avenue C

Nazareth Academy

Mary, with her red cheeks and smiling face
reminds us of a patch of blue among the black
clouds.

M. Magdalen Schwartz
4285 Lake Avenue

Holy Cross School

Magdalen with her flaxen hair,
Blushes when told she is so fair.



Ethel E. Sercu 106 Weld Street

St. Joseph's School

By her love of helping others and if her
dreams come true,
Ethel will be teaching under Hawaiian skies
so blue.

Helen M. Sheehan 10 Phelps Avenue

Nazareth Academy

As many more have said, if I had my way
I would sit and look at her all day.

Rose Simonette 114 Bryan Street

Holy Rosary School

Like Pollyanna she was always glad,
We don't believe that she could e'er be sad.

Dorothy D. Spencer
490 Glenwood Avenue

Holy Rosary School

Dorothy is undeniably our genius and we
certainly are proud of the fact that her literary
achievements are winning fame for her—and
our school also.

Louise T. Straub 41 Austin Street

Holy Family School

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and
all her paths are peace."

Ethel A. Teirlynck
11 Lake View Terrace

Sacred Heart School

Ethel is our time-keeper and general alarm-
clock for danger ahead. You can depend on
Ethel every time.



Anna Toomey 899 Genesee Street

St. Monica's School

A good business woman.

Monica A. Vogt 48 Austin Street

Holy Apostles School

Monica ranks high among the lovers of Golden Silence. She knows when to speak and when not to. A science, you will admit.

Mary A. Weber 718 Joseph Avenue

Holy Redeemer School

Mary usually thinks differently from everyone else in the class. However, she usually converts everyone to her way of thinking.

Cecilia H. Wegman 195 Fernwood Avenue

St. Francis Xavier's School

Those eyes were certainly never made to weep.

Irene M. Weis 74 Field Street

Blessed Sacrament School

Her principal attraction,—dimples.

Lucy M. Whitman 194 Conkey Avenue

St. Michael's School

A dainty and quiet little lady who has the faculty of slipping noiselessly into her seat three minutes after prayers.



Loretta H. Zapf

476 Flint Street

Immaculate Conception School
"Oh, those curls!"

Nazareth

On a time the goddess of Wisdom
Sprang forth from the temple of Zeus.
So, likewise, our Nazareth has risen,
From minds that love wisdom and truth.

On her throne on a royal height planted,
She sits all unrivaled in grace,
With strong arms uplifted to Heaven
And love-light illuming her face.

Round this throned intellectual beauty
Fair maidens delightedly throng,
And yield to the lovely enchantment
That lures them, compelling and strong.

She's our own queenly mother. We love her.
We love the large power of her might.
We love her clear and sure accents,
Her high faith, our strong beacon-light.

Thy children, calm browed Alma Mater,
A parting boon ask at thy knee,
That mid changing times, other faces,
Their mem'ry be cherished by thee.

Truth, honor and courtesy gentle
Their 'scutcheon deep-carven shall be,
By faith's clear white light proudly blazoned,
Reflecting the Truth which makes free.
Marie Murphy.

Graduate in Music Course

ELIZABETH E. LEONARDO, a graduate from the academic course, Class of 1915, of Nazareth Academy, has completed the prescribed course in the Piano Department of the Academy and is qualified for graduation from that department. Miss Leonardo has also completed the course in Music as outlined by the Regents of the State of New York and is entitled to a special music diploma from the University. Her skill on the Piano and her remarkably rich contralto voice would seem to augur for Elizabeth a brilliant future among the teachers of music in Rochester.



Throughout her career at Nazareth, Elizabeth has been prominent in all the activities of the school, because of her musical ability and her readiness to accommodate, but especially because of her genuine school spirit. We wish her success in her career.

Pirate Craft

We sailed the paths of the sunset
To the Land of Heart's Desire,
We poured the wine of our golden youth
Into the western fire.

We captured the gold of the sunbeams,
We raided the silver foam,
And all in the scarlet afterglow
Lifted we sails for home!

Dorothy Spencer.

A Farewell

Farewell, Classmates! our school life's done,
Our Nazareth life is ended.
The last long year of study run,
Which parts our lives so blended.

Now, farewell, Classmates! let the past
And the joy of this last year,
Be present with us while life lasts,
And thought oft linger here.

Spread out youth's snowy swelling sail,
Life's sea lies bright before;
We'll bravely face the strongest gale,
Though angry billows roar.

Farewell! farewell! O, Nazareth dear,
The parting hour draws nigh
Your faithful daughters fain would stay
These years fast fleeting by. Anna C. Kettell.



Commencement Speakers

Salutatorian
HORTENSE P. SAVARD

Honorary
Selected from girls of the Class
from the Rochester Catholic
High School
MARIE M. MURPHY

Valedictorian
ELIZABETH A. SCHLEYER

Class Officers

President
MARIE E. CHRISTIE

Vice-President
ANNA C. KETTELL

Secretary
DOROTHY D. SPENCER

Treasurer
ELOISE M. KRAPF



Class Day Program

Address from Mistress of Revels	- - - - -	Louise E. Lawson
Excerpts from Experts	- - - - -	Marie E. Magin
Songs	- - - - -	From Blue Ontario Nazareth! Nazareth!
Poem	- - - - -	Esther M. Callahan
Violin Selection	- - - - -	Esther C. Downs
Class Oration	- - - - -	Rosalie C. Maier
Class Will	- - - - -	Helen B. Ball
Songs	- - - - -	{ Dreaming at Twilight { Cheer, Cheer, Cheer! { Good-bye, Good Luck, God Bless You

After Luncheon Speeches

Toast Mistress	- - - - -	Miriam C. Nier
A Toast to 1917	- - - - -	Helen A. Cullinan
Goods or Trimming	- - - - -	Olga E. Baglin
The Last of Us	- - - - -	Marie E. Christie
Now and Afterwards	- - - - -	Our Right Reverend Bishop

A Toast to 1917

The Class of '17 is a peerless, fearless crowd.
This fact by friend and foe alike may straightway be allowed.
Each one has a history, peculiarly her own,
Made up from the experience of each as she has grown.
So that adown the future they're surely bound to trace—
As sure as they get started, a new pathway in Life's race.
What joy lies in the future when school days are all past,
To pause for a brief moment and think of these, the last!
While climbing Life's steep mountain and fording Life's deep stream,
Each one will backward look and smile, as at some fairy dream.
Whatever of deserved reward the years may hold in store,—
Should life be what we dream, or disappointing to the core,
Our principles and standards shall stand firm above our way,
Our heart's be still as pure and true as on Graduation Day.
These '17's were pioneers, all honor is their due,
Their hardships, failures, trials, my friend, you never knew;
They were heroines most daring, and dared e'en to the last.
You'll find in Nazareth's records, '17 has had "some past."
The Junior girls, their faces all aglow with radiant smiles,
Undertake by preference the task that most beguiles.
If they would only listen to advice, both wise and sound,
That Seniors give, such prodigies of wit could ne'er be found.
And now here's to the health of all my comrades, short and tall;
Long may you live in peace and joy whatever may befall.
Long may you show the exacting world you know what you're about,
So that whate'er its buffeting, it cannot count you out.

Helen A. Cullinan.



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The Editorial Staff

Our Year Book is completed,
The work at last quite done!
With yawns of utter weariness
They hail the grim course run.

They've worked a mighty wonder;
We know the price they paid,
Lone midnight hours they taxed for toll
In this wild, dauntless raid.

Smooth locks are now "to-ruffled,"
Bright eyes are growing dim,
Foul paste and ink cling lovingly
To maids erstwhile so trim.

What horrors they encountered,
Inflicted by the score!
Poems! O Muses in your name,
What crimes do you weep o'er!

A weary now and brain-sore,
The Staff have paid the cost;
Their brows deep-lined, their sight impaired,
Their senses well nigh lost.

Then Hail the conquering heroines!
Both chief and assistant Ed,
The Business Managers and all,
What glory they have shed!

Long, long will their accomplishment,
A beacon-light be seen;
And each succeeding Senior Class
Will keep their memory green.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Class of 1917 wishes to express its sincere thanks to all who have in any way assisted this publication, and especially to our advertisers and to our cartoonist, Miss Genevieve Madden, a former graduate of Nazareth, for her unfailing readiness to help on the good work of the Senior Annual.



HANDED DOWN

Class History

Chapter I.

IT was the best of times, it was the worst of times. It was the age of wisdom (when we came to Nazareth)—it was an age of foolishness (for upper classmen looked upon us as intellectual infants). It was the spring of hope (that some time in the glorious future we might be Nazareth Graduates)—it was the winter of despair (for we were only poor Freshmen). We had everything before us (four long expectant years) we had nothing before us (except the snubs of the upper classmen)—in short the period of time, may rightly be deemed the most important period in the life of any member of the graduating class of '17 of Nazareth Academy.

It was in the year of Our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and thirteen,—to be more exact it was in the fall of the year, one thousand, nine hundred and thirteen,—that a group of bright, care-free girls entered an old gray building, situated on the corner of Frank and Jay Streets,—a building popularly known by the name of Nazareth Academy.

We were at once ushered up three long flights of stairs, until at length we arrived in what is properly designated as the Freshmen rooms. The first days were most interesting—as most days of discovery and exploration are. But after we became the daily occupants of these rooms, they soon lost some of their charm, especially when we were informed that the skeleton frame of "Old Aunt Chloe," which hung in a case in the corner of the room, was not there merely as a curiosity. And that the various miniature gardens, etc., about these rooms were not designed merely to beautify the rooms,—but to aid us in our study. That's what they told us about everything when we were Freshmen, "It's to help you."

Thus the times of our Freshmen days passed. Many a time during the long vacation, did we think of the hours spent in wondering whether our corn and beans would grow, and how the girl who planted corn, or thought she had planted corn, must have looked when on coming one morning, she saw bird seed growing in her young garden. But these days were gone, and while sitting in a quiet place during the summer months, we had but to wait till we should enter Nazareth again, and descending one flight take our longed-for place in the Study Hall bearing the exalted titles, "Sophomores."

Chapter II.

At last September came again, again that same group of girls entered Nazareth portals, but this time there was a marked change in their attitude. From timid abashed little "Freshies," they were transformed into haughty Sophomores, who were given a place with their elder and wiser sisters, in the Study Hall. How dignified we all felt, when we found ourselves traversing the halls after each period, for were we not to recite each subject in a different room? What wily plans were then concocted! But after a short time they were forgotten. We became so absorbed (it was in our second year, we put that word into our vocabulary) in our studies, that we had no spare time whatever.

One thing after another followed. Who will ever forget the astounding oratorical powers of the Sophomore Class of 1914 in class debates? It was during this year, too, that with Caesar, we declared war on the Gauls and the Germans. You may be sure that "hoc proelio facto"

we were simply overwhelmed with joy, even though we knew another Roman would confront us the next year. But what is a little subject like "Caesar" compared with the horrors of Geometry! Not wishing to recall harrowing things, we will quickly pass over this dreadful era. Such was our Sophomore year. Maybe we didn't experience all the calm joy of the initiated when at the close of the year, we could draw any object, regardless of size or shape, merely by looking at it,—“with the eyes practically closed.”

With an occasional visit from some guest, or with a singing practice inserted here and there, “tempus fugit,” most monotonously. But being patient little creatures (as we still are) we waited and longed for the day to come when we would be known by the high-sounding name of “Juniors.”

Chapter III.

When school re-opened in our third year, the class was almost beyond recognition,—for now they were real Juniors. This year was indeed a most important one. We became famous scientists and our extraordinary gift of oratory was developed beyond description. Demosthenes couldn't compare with our Junior Class. Perhaps some will doubt this statement, but that's because they didn't attend the debate by the Class of 1917.

I have said that we became **scientists**, about this time. Physics, indeed, occupied our mind day and night—not that we loved it so, but we were spurred on by the yawning abyss that threatened to engulf us in June, ‘if we didn't watch out.’ And so our Junior year passed,—the last one spent in the dear **old** school, and finally we were looking forward to our last year to be spent in the new home of our Alma Mater.

Chapter IV.

“What tongue or pen shall recount the glories of the magnificent structure on Lake Avenue.” This is the ~~home~~ in which we are to receive the crown from our Alma Mater. It is here we spent our memorable Senior Year. It is here we landed with “Aeneas,” and later witnessed the harrowing death of his disappointed Dido. It was from here, too, that we began our perilous journey, with Aeneas through the Infernal Region. Burke and Milton at this Juncture threw down the gauntlet to us and we were “heroes in the strife.”

And now after we have grown to love our new home, we must leave it. It is with true regret that we say farewell, to this lovely, flower-broidered cove where our bark has been moored for four happy years. Sweet wood-notes, grateful shade and the bluest of skies have been our portion, with bright, high-hearted companions eager to learn each mystery of Shipcraft, ere we lift anchor, hoist sails and launch upon the great river. God speed each bark, temper the winds kindly and bring them all safe to port.

Marie E. Magin.

Five Standard Excuses

I studied the wrong lesson.
I didn't have time to copy it.
I wrote it and lost it.
I did all my work and left it at home.
I forgot my book.



CHORAL CIRCLE AND VIOLIN CLASS

Commercial Class History

AS this our Senior Year draws to a close, we linger over the memories of the days that have been. How happy were those days of study and pleasant companionship that now are gone never to return. The reflection most treasured is that of our entrance into the school which has ever meant and ever will mean so much to us. How little we then knew or dreamed of the great things that were to come ere we left its portals to take our places in the business world.

From the moment we entered the halls of Nazareth we felt that we had found another home. It was a joy to spend our hours in so pleasant a companionship. Together we passed through the experiences of school life. Even shadows seemed brightened by the sunlight of youth and joy in our hearts.

Ere long the dark mysteries of Shorthand were opened to us and we set to work with a will. Each and every subject was equally engrossing, but, oh, that Bookkeeping! Can it ever be forgotten? Our Ledgers and Cash Books are balanced and closed. We felt great pride in their size and number, but weightier thoughts and studies have now taken their places. The mild terrors of the typewriter are now only a memory. We are now thoroughly familiar with it and enjoy its even click. Many pleasant hours were spent in literary pursuit with the great men and women of genius. Shakespeare's illustrious characters, Elliot's little Eppei, Scott's noble knights and fair ladies, Coleridge's roughened seamen, Homer's mighty gods and goddesses, each played his part before us and then the curtain was dropped.

In our Literary Club we heard many distinguished speakers who held our attention while they discussed various topics. We were honored with many distinguished visitors, among them being Archbishop Edward J. Hanna, and our Right Rev. Bishop Thomas F. Hickey. Another important event long looked for was our Retreat directed by Father Gartland. His high words were deeply impressed on our minds and we were sorry when the morning of closing arrived.

Now as we gaze over all that has been, we pledge allegiance to our Alma Mater and to the Blue and Gold, our Nazareth colors. Would that we could longer enjoy the great happiness of being Nazareth's pupils; but that can not be, for even now the eve of Graduation approaches and we must tender our fondest farewells.

Gertrude Obringer-Ethel Sercu.

Old Nazareth

It stands in a sunkist closure,
Its gray walls vine o'ergrown;
Its porches beckoning modestly
And gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold kind arms around it,—
Trees many winters old;
The winds go chanting through them
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

Thelma Campbell.

The Girls from R. C. H. S.

OURS is the Senior Class of 1917. Tomorrow we belong with all of the classes that lived and studied and had their being within the sheltering walls of Nazareth. But to-day belongs to us, it is our day, and we shall glorify it. Our schooldays will so soon pass into the limbo of beloved things, therefore we must treasure them and love them as long as they belong to us.

We are somewhat peculiarly situated, inasmuch as we must be loyal to two schools. The history of that section of the 1917 Class which entered in 1916 from the R. C. H. S. is more or less disconnected. While our class was in the old school many seemingly important events occurred, but now the former lustre of these achievements have been dimmed or at least outshone. The period spent under the Old Regime, although only a short time ago, by the calendar, is ages remote, as far as any connection with the present is concerned. In the great and sudden change in the school life of the Class '17, our yearning for the old was moderated by attractiveness of the new. However, sweet memories must cling to the dear old school, for the members of this class. The stormy and sunny period in the R. C. H. S., was of the same nature that it is in any school. Many intellectual battles were fought there; some were lost, some were won. The leaders in those battles, the teachers of R. C. H. S. will ever hold a high place in our affectionate reverence and in our grateful memory.

The Senior girls of the Class of 1917 from the Rochester Catholic High School have taken their place in the school life of Nazareth and have contributed their quota to the activities of the school. To the Sisters of Nazareth, who have done so much toward making our life here so pleasant, we pay our sincere tribute of love and respect. We are proud of the part the Cathedral girls have played and we are sure that it is but a beginning of the larger life that is not bounded by school walls.

Ursula M. Hery.

The Best School Of All

A heartening sight to see once more
 The dear School that we knew,
 The place of youth's clear-glowing dream,
 The scene of friendships true.
 Though sore we'll miss the sight of her,
 Our hearts will ne'er forget;
 We'll miss the old delight of her,
 We'll keep her honor yet.

We'll honor yet the school we knew,
 The best old school of all;
 Long shall we list her silvery voice,
 Like some far curfew's call.
 For, working days or holidays,
 And glad or melancholy days,
 They were great days and jolly days
 We spent at Nazareth.

Mary Magdalen Schwartz.



A Modern Fable of Ye Junior Class

ONCE there was, in a certain city, a wonderful Seat of Learning. Brilliant Maidens, from all the Country round, came to gain fresh stores of Knowledge. Now, the most brilliant of All, were gathered in one Band. The Class of 1918, They called Themselves and They were noted for Their Gregariousness and Their Verbosity. E'n the discerning Ones Who taught Them assured the World of This. But it is of Their Wisdom that I would speak!

These Maidens, it would seem, had a leaning toward the Classics, as maidens of Culture, for the Latin Tongue held nothing strange to Them. If the great Imperator could have forseen Their Revision of his favorite Phrases, the Hand that grasped the Sword might not, indeed, have aspired to the Pen and countless Generations would, mayhap, have been spared the Hardships of forced Marches into Gaul. Coldly superior were they, too, to the long-winded Cicero; but it may be said, it was not given Him to know the Charm of the Lingua Romana 'till these Maidens of Nazareth woke again the Echoes of the Ancient Forum. Of a Truth one might hear His Startled Spirit cry out again, "Where in the world are we? In what city do we live?"

Let not my feeble Words of well-deserved Praise bring to your mind Grave Countenances bending o'er hugh Tomes. Maids with Intellects so strangely wonderful may even prove the Bard of Avon that They may deep search "with saucy looks." For those among You, too, who think These Maids must be Such as have huge Spectacles to shade Their Eyes, err greatly, for the Roofs of Nazareth ne'er sheltered a happier, more care-free Band. Their marvelous Intelligence is a natural Endowment, not one acquired from deep and formidable Text-books.

Reverence, then, in the Depths of your Hearts, Fair Readers, the wondrous Power and Wisdom of Ye Junior Academics of the Year of 1917.

Raymona McCarthy, '18.



The Sophomore Class

SOPHOMORES! Oh, the magic in that word! It shines as a beacon to the weary freshie, as she toils along the way, to the place where First Year Road meets Examination Street, and the two merge into one broad, sunny highway, called Second Year Avenue. At last—our dream is come true. We are Sophomores! We welcomed to our charmed circle, in September, newcomers from Sacred Heart Academy, West High School, and Cathedral High School, to say nothing of the representatives which Avon and Spencerport sent to us.

It didn't take long for us to accustom ourselves to our new surroundings. We were the first Sophomores in the new Nazareth, and all we needed, as our long-suffering Geometry teacher says, was a little "initiative." You may be sure, we found some in a very short time. Of course, we girls are very happy in the performance of our daily duties, and all that, but long since, we discovered that a Sophomore's path (which is to say, the corridors of the second floor) is not strewn with roses, or if it is, we haven't noticed it. We know now that the man who said, "There is nothing so disenchanting as attainment," knew what he was talking about.

There is but one dark shadow on all the sunny memories we hold,—the loss of our dear classmate, Marie Burns. Whitman says, "To show beauty in common things is work of the rarest tact." What words could be better applied to her? She was a beautiful example of girlhood, loved by all who knew her, and mourned by the many who hope to imitate her virtues.

And now, we are nearing the close of our Sophomore year, and hope soon to become honorable Juniors. We shall cherish among our dearest treasures the remembrances of the many joyous hours spent in these beloved halls, and when we leave Nazareth we shall take with us the happiest of memories, and the most loving thoughts of our Alma Mater.

Cecelia Frey, '19.

Forty-one



The Freshman Class

THE End of a Perfect Day! Yes, we Freshmen have come to the end of one long, perfect day! Let us glance back to the dewey morning hours, the strenuous noon-tide and recount their wonders, before the sun goes down.

One September morn we rested our eyes upon the great golden letters "N. A." which mean, "This way for knowledge." Wondering, we entered the door beneath them and took our places with those bright, laughing girls who had preceded us, members of "the upper classes," a title which bears a double signification.

What a time we had with Algebra! Many of us did not believe in signs until we met this gaunt and sinewy antagonist, but now we could believe that x , y , z might portend anything.

English! What wonderful and yet misleading tales of adventure and misfortune! Why, the Duke in "As you like it," told us—US, the Biologists—that the toad wears a precious jewel in his head! But, even though we were "freshies," we refused to absorb this. In true scientific spirit, we wished to see for ourselves, so we went into the forest of—not Arden—Maplewood. All we discovered in this venomous animal's head were two natural eyes surrounded by warts! Such are "the uses of adversity," with apologies to the Duke.

But now we must pause in our reflections, for the perfect day is coming to an end, and in the distance we see more steps to climb. But we will persistently plod on, still encouraged by those shining letters "N. A." over which floats the Red, White and Blue, the emblem of Liberty and Justice for all—all, even "those Freshies."

Mae Ramsay.



Junior Commercial Notes

All things bright and beautiful,
 All creatures great and small,
 All things wise and wonderful,
 Our Juniors combine them all.

THESE lines may be effectively used as an introduction to the history of a class which bears out in every respect the meaning contained therein.

Coming as we do from all parishes of the city, you will find girls of every description—small ones and tall ones, wise and wonderful ones and even some who, you would think, had better resume their old pastime of playing with dolls than try to prepare for taking so large a responsibility on their shoulders as a business position. But despite these differences, they are worth their weight in gold, for they are all merry-makers, which goes to show that the Class of '18 knows how to overcome difficulties.

Has any class ever surpassed us in studies? Just take a glance at some of the records you have on hand and then when you receive ours kindly compare them and you will soon find that such a misfortune has not befallen us. The English teacher, herself, can bear witness that we enjoyed Homer's delightful "Odyssey" so much that all our spare time was spent in reading it. This is only one of the many examples that show how much we were interested in the study of English Literature. But as for shorthand, we must say that we did not succeed as well as we did in our other studies. Maybe the principles of the system were too hard for us to grasp, nevertheless we now have fifty words a minute. Typewriting is our forte. From the first day of September when we were taught how to use the typewriter until the present time we have striven for accuracy and speed and now many of us have passed the mark set for the first-year pupils. Don't some of us wish that there never was such a subject as bookkeeping? But still we managed to get through in June and now we have left behind us as one of our past experiences.

The fore-mentioned subjects comprise our principal studies and being as successful as we have been in them, we can truthfully be called "The Best Class Yet."

Sophia J. Updaw, '18.



Dramatics

THE Senior class was responsible for the production of the drama, "Anne of Green Gables," at Thanksgiving. For two reasons the play was of unusual interest and more than ordinary merit. The remarkable features that succeeded in rousing the Juniors to rivalry were the facts that the play had been dramatized by one of the Senior class, Dorothy Spencer, and that Mildred May was the leading lady. Dorothy Spencer, as the old aunt, represented a very domestic, contented personage, one whom all the world admires and loves. Mildred May, as Anne, at once won the sympathy and confidence of her audience by her attractive personality and clever acting, while Hortense Savard, as the friendly gossip, played her role to perfection, furnishing many a good laugh by her old maidish mannerisms. The play was a marked success.

When Christmas came around the Juniors had summoned their courage to present the scenes of the wise men and the shepherds, arranged for the occasion from "Ben Hur." They are to be commended for their scenic effects and costumes. No better actress could have been selected for the portraying of the different roles than Madeline Krewer, Lois O'Hara and Mary Lucille Pennock. Their voices were keyed to a deep-pitched masculine tone so naturally that it hardly seemed possible that the roles were being taken by girls. The audience was highly pleased and the play ended with genuine applause.

Among the entertainments that the pupils have enjoyed at intervals have been stereoptican views. The first views were given by Colonel French. During his interesting lecture we found ourselves enjoying to the full a trip among the western glories and wonders of our country, without the expense and hardships of the actual experience. The second set was given by Mr. Eilers on the different stages in the development of the telephone. He presented views showing how the first messages were carried by swift runners, and took us through the different stages of communication up to the invention of the modern telephone. The lecture and views not only provided enjoyment but were a source of information as well.

Another pleasant hour was spent in the auditorium at a harp concert. This performance was appreciated by all the students. The vocal concerts given by Miss O'Connel and Mrs. C. Cunningham were likewise the source of great delight to our students. We were fascinated by their exquisite interpretations of various selections from the operas and were charmed by the sweet simple Irish melodies.

Other entertaining features of the year were the musical Recitals given from time to time. The evening given by the senior music pupils on April 27th, was a splendid success. The program was most attractive and interesting, and the players, almost without exception, gave evidence of skill in technic and especially in artistic expression.

On the whole, our fine auditorium has not been idle during this first year of its service. It gives pleasure and satisfaction to present plays and other entertainments with such splendid facilities as our auditorium with its excellent stage presents. Remembering the old conditions, the new are assuredly appreciated.

Margaret Hamlin.

Forty-five



BOOK LOVERS' CLUB



The Book-Lovers' Club

THE Book-Lovers' Club, organized a number of years ago under the name of Beta Phi Club, was continued at the New Nazareth and has been a source of great pleasure and profit to the Seniors and Juniors who were members of the club.

The girls showed their good judgment in the selection of officers when they organized last October:—President, Miss Hortense Savard; Vice-President, Miss Hildred Brown; Secretary, Miss Mary Schuster; Treasurer, Miss Loretta Weiland. It was found necessary to limit the membership to those who presented themselves at the organization of the Club in October on account of the capacity of the meeting room of the Club, and also because less effective work can be done with too large a membership.

Among the movements of the Club this year is the change in its name. It was decided to drop the Greek letter name by which it has been known since its organization, and adopt its plain English equivalent, Book-Lovers' Club. Another commendable movement is the presentation of the residue in the treasury to the Library.

The Book-Lovers' Club has been exceedingly interesting this year, for many well-known speakers have favored us by giving addresses to our Club on various topics. In November Father Dougherty gave an interesting lecture on the Jesuit Missionaries in Western New York. Father Ryan gave us two afternoons, the first with Browning, the second with Lionel Johnson. A lecture on Edmund Burke given by Mr. Sias, from West High School, was intensely interesting particularly to the Senior Class. We were also favored by Father Heisel, with a lecture on the life of Father Damien. Father Cameron gave us a delightful afternoon with Dante, giving us a brief glimpse into the "Inferno." Father Kettell entertained and instructed the Club on one occasion with a talk on "The Church and History." Some highly interesting meetings were conducted by the members themselves. At one meeting a program was given on the life and works of Mrs. Browning. At another, Alice Meynell was the author under discussion, and at still another meeting, we were entertained by a spirited debate. The usual social occasions, which are not the least of the Club's activities, were not omitted this year.

Perhaps the crowning glory of our Club activities was the play, "Anne of Green Gables," dramatized by Miss Dorothy Spencer and presented in the new auditorium at Thanksgiving. The proceeds of the play were presented to the Academy to be applied to the building fund.

We take the opportunity to express our appreciation and thanks to all who contributed to the pleasures and the benefits which the members of the Club enjoyed during the year. We also wish to thank the officers for their interest and general efficiency, and we wish to the Book-Lovers' Club of the coming years greater and greater success in attaining the aims of the society and maintaining the high literary standard which has for so long marked her activities.

Marion C. Collins.

Forty-seven



OFFICERS OF BOOK LOVERS' CLUB

Famous Sayings

"Your nose knows"—what there will be for lunch.

"Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work"—some English History students' motto.

"There's a reason"—Monday mornings.

"His master's voice"—report at the office.

"Eventually, why not now?"—instruction notebooks.

New Nazareth

O fair, fair Nazareth, noble pile!
 Thou art our lasting joy and pride.
 Thou are a temple in whose ark,
 Clear Truth and Wisdom still will bide.

Thy noble walls now rise aloft
 'Gainst skies of wondrous blue;
 Thy stately beauty's lovely grace
 Enhanced by every hue

Of nature that about thee bursts
 In riotous display.
 Each morn thou gladdenest our sight
 Thou gentle-gleaming star of day.
 Elizabeth Schleyer.



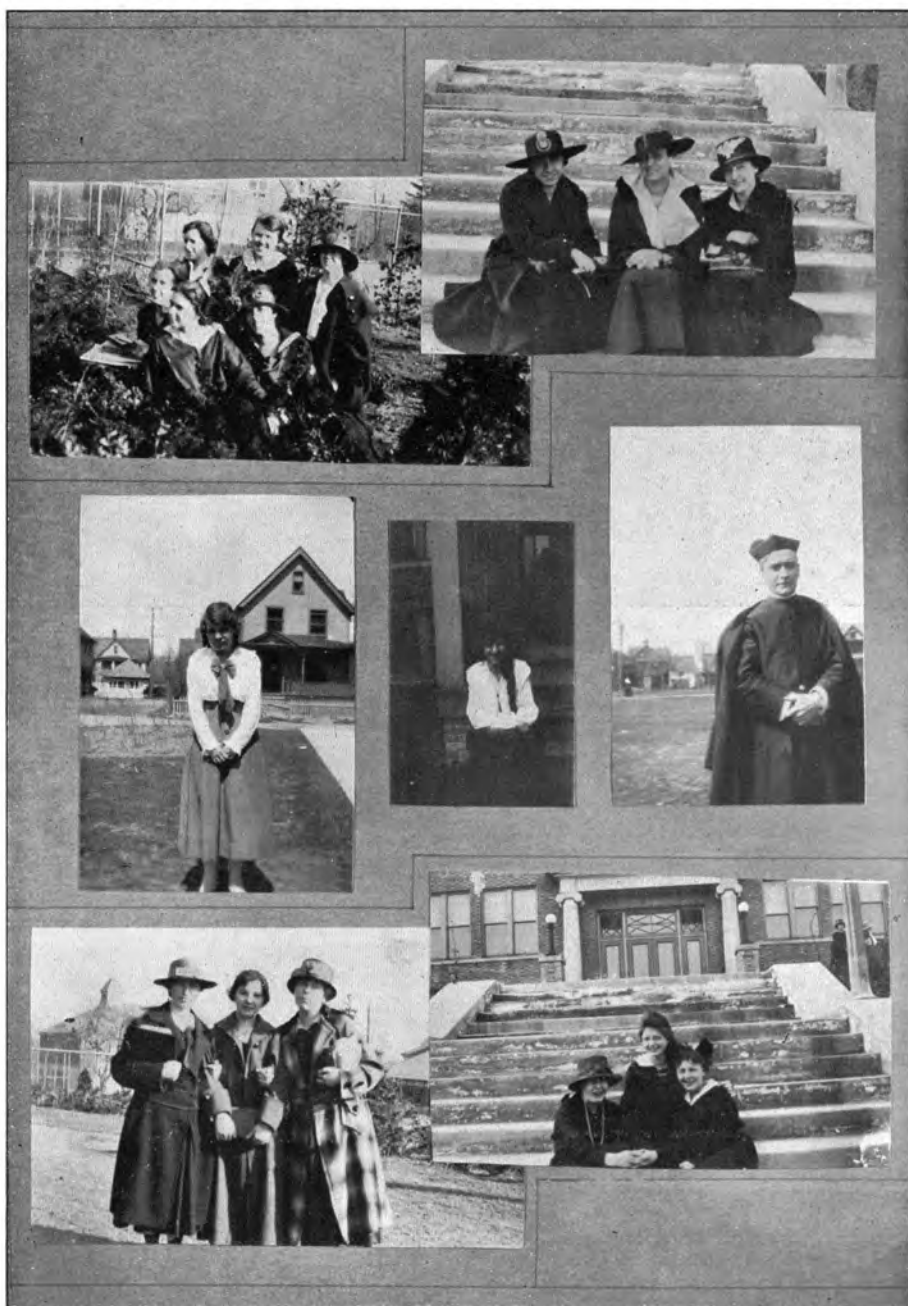
DEBATING TEAM

Debates

HOW many memories that word, debate, brings back to us, memories of noble arguments in defense of Home Rule for Ireland, convictions that phonetic spelling ought to be abolished, vague ideas of the influence of English and Mathematics. But the senior debate of this year outshone all of these. The subject of the debate was, Resolved, That the Federal Government should control the natural resources of the United States. It was given at a Beta Phi meeting, therefore, the debaters were sure that those literary folk would appreciate their ability and efforts.

We were, indeed, proud of our chair woman, Florence Tobin. We were prouder still of the debaters who put forth their arguments so forcibly and so clearly. Those of the affirmative side were Marie Magin, Marion Eilers and Anna Kettell. Their opponents were Helen Ball, Alice Hanna and Dorothy Spencer. Never before did we realize the great oratorical powers of our fellow students. There was no formal rebuttal. This was a pity, for judging from the opponents' countenances, they had many interesting bits of information with which to enlighten one another. Nevertheless, they eased their consciences along the course of the debate. This occasion will be remembered with the more pleasure because of the presence of our honored guest, Father Kettell. Had you visited the library directly after the debate, you would have witnessed a heated discussion,—we will not call it debate. This fact is noted to convince you that the debate was good, since the debaters had so thoroughly imbibed the spirit of argument.

Hortense Pauline Savard.



Class Oration

OF Nazareth I sing, and the Seniors, who from various grammar schools, came one day years ago to this school. Somewhat coldly were we treated by the upper classmen, quite ignored by the powers above. Much we suffered in toiling through the boisterous deeps of Algebra, Botany, Latin, and whatever else is by the tradition of our fathers, presented for the toughening of freshmen sinews. Yet our hearts were infused with courage by the vision of the night, when at length we as Seniors would receive salaams from everybody; when we should no longer be regarded as necessary evils.

Declare to me, O friends! the reason why our budding mathematicians and scientists were nipped, or frozen by the wayside; or why the wicks of our literary lights were turned down until they were lost in the kerosene oil below? Alas! I pause for a reply. Nobody seems to know or care that we were geniuses when we were young.

A big room there was, the Assembly Hall, on the second floor at the head of the stairs, great in size, and to us denizens of the third floor, infinitely desirable. Here dwelt the Seniors. Here many a valedictory was written, and many a debate was fiercely debated. But the room might just as well not have been there, for all we saw of it. Sometimes we were graciously permitted to cross the magic threshold when there was singing practice. But not until our Sophomore year did we enter with all the pride of possession. For three long years we were buffeted by the fates, and occasionally submerged in the angry floods let loose by a harassing Regents Board, or called upon the carpet in the office on the lower floor to repent our heinous transgressions,—so great a labor it is to become a Senior.

But did we, baffled, desist from our purpose? Did we lose sight of the goal? In an ear-splitting tone we would answer "No!" Didn't those other girls with far less initiative, brains and beauty get to be Seniors? If they could do it, so could we; and as convincing proof that we not only could, but did do it; as Seniors, we are here before you today.

But O, my classmates! You who have conquered the many trials of school life, yet more afflicting perils await you this side the threshold of the world. They tell us we are proud and vain and frivolous, that we lack the rare good sense our elders have displayed before us. Hence indeed that peradventure our folly might be curbed, the iron hand of the law did move, and here I pray you gaze upon the dire result—instead of four-years-dreamed-of daintiness, in the form of gauzy, delicate tinted class-day gown, behold! one hundred and eight Seniors in plain, civil-suited uniform. Let me appeal to you! Would it not touch the heart of the barbarous Turk to behold so plain a scene, when he thinks of the beauty that might have been, of the perfect poems of loveliness in gowns and foot-wear, all nipped in their earliest stages of possibility? And who, my friends, can deny that the depth of desolation would not have been sounded by us, if indeed, as was whispered, the same ruthless regulation were extended to Commencement. What dole should not afflict us, my countrywomen, had our illustrious company be forced to tread the boards shorn of gold crown and adorned with one lonesome, red rose. Ah! What woe the human heart is capable of enduring!

But let us bestir ourselves betimes, O my comrades! Let us use all possible persuasion—for we were always apt in argument—that such unheard of innovations may not be. Let us call to our aid, the patron saints of the Senior Class, that all daintiness in gowns and adornment may triumph and may grace once more the heart-stirring occasion of Graduation.

Rosalie Maier.



My Heart's at Nazareth

My heart's at dear Nazareth, my heart is right here,
 My heart's at dear Nazareth, though life's ofttimes drear
 A-cramming for monthly's and quizzes so slow,
 My heart is at Nazareth, wherever I go.

Farewell to dear Nazareth, the best spot on earth,
 The home of true learning, the home of true worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The halls of our Nazareth forever I'll love.

Hildred Brown.

I Am Dreaming In the Twilight

Gently the breezes are blowing,
 Evening is drawing nigh;
 Weary I sit in the gloaming,
 Thinking of days gone by.
 Fondly my heart still is longing
 For my dear home far away.
 O stars shining bright,
 With your calm kindly light,
 Lead back my due steps some day.

Chorus.

Dreaming of Nazareth when the sun is low,
 In the fading twilight memories come and go;
 For Nazareth I am longing, though far I may roam,
 I am dreaming in the twilight of Nazareth, my home, sweet home.

Visions I see of my girlhood,
 Innocent, glad and free,
 Hearing thy word and finding
 Peace and content with thee.
 So dear to me are those memories,
 Brought back by twilight's last gleams,
 My true heart must rejoice
 When I hear our Nazareth's voice,
 In the land of my golden dreams.

Frances Gaffney.

Oh! Don't You Remember

(Air: "Ben Bolt.")

O Don't you remember our Nazareth, my dear,
And the teachers so kind and so true?
We wept with delight when we first enter'd here,
And tremble to now say adieu;
O the fine study hall, and bright class rooms
And of pupils, the splendid array!
They have raised a flag of red, white and blue,
And Nazareth is under its sway.
They have raised a flag of red, white and blue,
And Nazareth is under its sway.

O! Don't you remember our Nazareth, my dear,
On the green sunny slope of the hill,
Where maidens like sunbeams in brightness, troup'd in.
And gay laughter the glad air did fill?
O those bright hours quickly have vanished,
And no longer can we linger here;
But we'll always be true to the red, white and blue,
Which she taught us to love and revere.
But we'll always be true to the red, white and blue,
Which she taught us to love and revere.

Margaret Hamlin.

There's A Spot In My Heart

(Air: "Mother Machree.")

There's a spot in my heart which no college may own,
There's a school that I love as my girlhood's own home,
There's a place in my memory, my life, that you fill,
None other can take it and none ever will.

Every sorrow and care in the dear days gone by,
Was relieved by the kindness that beamed in your eye;—
A beacon-light shining out o'er the dark sea,
In life's graver trials, you always will be.

Sure I love all the girls with their welcoming smile,
And the genial good cheer kept on hand all the while;
How I long to remain for one short P. G. year,
Your pink of perfection I'd be, Nazareth dear.

Helen Ball.

(Air: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.")

In new Nazareth now I sit,
Thinking, dear old school, of you,
And the gay and happy hours now fled away.
And the tears bedim my eyes
As I think of days gone by,
And thy memory grows dearer day by day.

Chorus.

Hark, hark, hark, the cheery voices,
Ringing round with merry peal,
Soon they will be heard no more
Talking in the corridor,
O, how lonesome our loved teachers then will feel.

Now, we're proud as we can be,
Of our school-rooms large and grand,
Of the auditorium fit for Bernhardt's skill,
Of our lunch-room big and fine,
Where we daily stand in line
While Miss Cleary's art our eager bosoms thrill.

Lucille Vogt.

Memories

Softly at twilight come stealing,
 Dreams of the days that have fled;
 Scenes of our school-days revealing
 Thoughts of the glad lives we led.

Chorus

Memories, Memories,
 Dreams of days gone bye,
 O'er the Sea of Memory,
 We backward turn and sigh.
 Girlhood days, wildwood days,
 Among the ones we love;
 Tho' now we must part,
 We'll press to our heart
 Your charm, every joy above.

Duty may call us to sever
 Ties that we know to be true,
 Still, we'll be loyal forever,
 Naz'reth, dear Naz'reth, to you.
 Marie E. Christie.



(Air: Auld Lang Syne.)

Should dear old Nazareth be forgot,
 And never brought to mind,
 Should dear old Jay Street be forgot,
 And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus.

The days of auld lang syne, my dear,
 The days of auld lang syne,
 We'll hold in kindest memory yet,
 The days of auld lang syne.

We loved to wander through the halls,
 Deserted now and drear;
 Those golden days so full of joy,
 Our hearts will e'er hold dear.

For bonnie memories we will sing,
 And days when we were thine,
 We'll hold in kindest memory yet,
 The days of auld lang syne.

Hortense Savard.



(Air: "Sweetest Girl in Monterey.")

Nazareth, Nazareth,
 Where we frolicked in innocent fun,
 Hear the bells! O those bells!
 Which we hailed when the school-day was done,
 O how we'll miss those bygone days!
 O, how we wish they'd stay!
 If we stray back some day,
 You'll hear every classmate say:

It's the greatest school in Rochester,
 It's all that we could wish;
 When our golden girlhood days have flown away
 Tender, kindly thoughts of her will bide for aye.

Nazareth, we're sadly leaving,
 Nazareth, our hearts are grieving,
 For the greatest school in Rochester,
 Our Nazareth—our home.

Anna C. Kettell.

"Good-Bye, Good Luck, God Bless You"

It's hard to part when hand and heart,
 We've worked and planned and dreamed
 To reach this day, with crown of bay,
 Which oft' before us gleamed.
 But though we part, we can't forget
 The bright and happy past;
 Here oft' we'll meet, our school to greet.
 We'll love her to the last.

Chorus.

Good-bye, good luck, God bless you,
 To Nazareth we sing;
 But when we leave our hearts will grieve,
 For the joys which school days bring.
 Though dark days may surround us,
 To Thee we'll ever cling,
 Good-bye, good luck, God bless you,
 To Nazareth we sing.

With hopes so bright, both good and right,
 To-day we say adieu,
 We'll always pray to tread the way
 That leads us back to you.
 Bright hope and trust from out the dust
 Of shattered dreams will rise,
 When shall unfold thy blue and gold
 To clear the darkest skies.

Agnes McLaughlin.

From Blue Ontario

From Blue Ontario, from hill and dell,
 Far rings the story that of Nazareth we tell,
 From east and west her loyal daughters call,
 Nazareth, our Nazareth, the champion of all!
 Cheer, cheer!
 Lift we loyal hearts to pledge a love untold.
 Cheer, cheer!
 While our voices join to cheer for the blue and gold,
 Blue and gold!
 Our Nazareth colors brightly blend
 Her own strong virtues graces lend.
 Our hearts will echo back our cheer,
 Our cheer for Nazareth, Nazareth dear.

Dolce Memoria

(Air: Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.)

O for the days we have spent here at Nazareth,
 Days which will soon be far, O far beyond recall;
 But in our mem'ry they'll live on forever,
 Dear Alma Mater, so dear to each and all.
 Nazareth, dear Nazareth, the home of our girlhood!
 Parting has come, we must now say adieu.
 Cherishing all you have done for our welfare,
 We to our Nazareth pledge loyalty most true.
 Esther Downs.

Our Senior Year

(A Perfect Day)

We have come to the end of our Senior year
And from dear friends soon we part.
While the Seniors sing with a carol gay
Welling up from each warm glad heart;
Do you think what the end of a Senior year
Can mean to a joyous heart;
When our Bishop crowns us with golden wreath
And the dear friends have to part?

Well this is the end of our Senior year,
Near the end of our girlhood days,
But it leaves sweet mem'ries in our hearts,
On our lips a prayer of praise.
Our girlhood is painting these lovely days,
With colors that never fade.
And this, the end of our Senior year,
Will be fondly in memory laid.

Marjorie Mangin.

(Air: The Harp That Once thru Tara's Halls.)
The girls that now thru Nazareth's Halls
The soul of laughter shed,
Will soon be missed within those walls
As if that soul were fled;
So soon within the coming days,
When graduation's o'er,
The laughter that our voices raise
Will then be heard no more.

No more, no more by teachers dear
The Seniors will be seen;
The very walls, if they had tongues,
Could tell some tales, I ween.
But now our course is nearly run
The year is almost o'er,
These days so full of pomp and mirth,
We soon shall know no more.

Marion Eilers.

Little Freshmen

(Babes in the Wood)

Little freshmen, don't be depressed and blue,
Long ago we were in the same canoe,
Have no fear of exams so near,
Your trials will soon be through,
Little freshmen, soon you'll be Seniors, too.

Chorus:

Give us your hand, we understand;
We're off to hero land.
Come, dry your eyes, we'll sympathize
Like your father, mother, brother.
Don't be so drear, vacation's near,
Then you'll be "Fresh" no more.
Show the world what you can do,
For you'll soon be Seniors, too
Like us, Freshmen of yore.

When, as Freshmen, on the third floor we stood,
It's no wonder we were so very good,
All the Sophomores were guarding us—
As you will hear them say—
June is coming with Graduation Day.

Marion L. Eilers.



A T T E M P T S



Nazareth, My Nazareth

Of all the schools, I love thee best,
 Nazareth, My Nazareth.
 To thee, I'll cling and stand the test,
 Nazareth, My Nazareth.
 With fondness, loyalty and cheer,
 I'll sing thy praises far and near,
 And hold thy standards ever dear,
 Nazareth, My Nazareth.

Broad sympathy, we learn from thee,
 Nazareth, My Nazareth.
 To think as thought of we would be,
 Nazareth, My Nazareth.
 Thy precepts high we will maintain,
 Stand by the right through loss or gain.
 Thy hallowed name we'll keep from stain,
 Nazareth, My Nazareth. Aurelia Marie Smith.

Our Watchwords

Every class has its president,
 And officers a score;
 A motto, some great truth contains
 Drawn from ancient lore.

We here proclaim to all the world,—
 Our Class of Seventeen—
 Four watchwords that will guide our steps
 Along the golden mean.

Right will guide us in the strife,
 Justice our true aim be,
 Truth and Honor hand in hand
 With Love will keep us free.
 Marie Murphy, '17.

Lost

There are gains for all our losses,
 There is balm for all our pain;
 But when a girl from Nazareth parts,
 It takes something from her heart,
 And it never comes again.

We are stronger, we are better,
 Under Nazareth's firm reign;
 Now we feel that something sweet has gone,
 One pure charm of life withdrawn,
 And will never come again.

Marguerite E. Rosengreen.

To-day

Think not on yesterdays,
 Nor of the woes they brought,
 Nor on the morrow dim,
 With bright hopes fraught;
 But let To-day be your earnest care.
 The past is past, of distant gleam beware!
 But he who gives to-day his best,
 Will find the high road to success.
 Dorothy Brown.

The Youngest Daughter's Lament

O! that I had a younger sister,
To go through Nazareth after me.
How oft I've heard about my older sisters,
And That they were not a bit like me.

They say They never talked in classes,
And that they cannot say of me,
They never came on Monday with excuses,
Alas! how many have been heard from me.

Yes, They were mild and sweet and did their drawing,—
Just now this isn't said of me.
They never came without their Latin notebook,
How oft this misdemeanor places guilt on me!

O They could speak their German like the teacher!—
There seems to be no hope for "Deutsch" in me.
O it must be a disappointment to my parents
That they should ever rear a girl like me.

All this I've heard about my older sisters,
Now don't you think its pretty hard on me?
Yet I suspect had I a younger sister,
They'd say all these delightful things of me. Helen B. Ball.

Should any student e'er forget
Our Nazareth so dear!
Our Nazareth, dear home of all,
Our guide throughout the year.

Oh, no, our hearts should always cling
To her with souls sincere,
To teachers, classmates, students all,
Whom still our hearts hold dear.

When we to Nazareth say farewell,
'Twill be with deep regret,
Around these sweet and hallowed scenes,
We fain would linger yet.

So fare thee well, O Nazareth dear,
We now allegiance pledge,
May blessings ever hover here,
And rest upon thy head.

Esther Callahan.

The End

Four years, four happy careless years
We have spent in school together;
Have shared our hopes and shared our joys
In bright and stormy weather.

But now our books are packed and strapped
Our desks are cleared at last;
'17 must answer life's loud call,
Our happy school days past.

So farewell to dear Nazareth;
The tears bedim our eye,
As Teachers kind and classmates dear
Are echoing "Good-bye." Lucille Vogt.

Dreaming of Spring

What is so rare as an hour in school,
 Flitting o'er typewriter's silent keys?
 Warm glowing sunlight, soft air and cool,
 Telling of rippling brooks, rolling seas.
 Minds are afar from the minute's work,
 Wandering lightly at nature's beck;
 Beautiful spring can no longer lurk,
 Suppressed by winter or mental check.
 Hark! for a moment, rouse and hear,
 What is that sudden, clarion noise!
 Dare any one with our thoughts interfere!
 Yes, 'tis the sound of a human voice,
 Breaking our train of thought with a jerk,—
 "Girls, stop that dreaming and get to work."
 Ursula Hery.

Back to School Days

Out of a dark and far-reaching haze,
 Comes a glimpse of my "Nazareth Days,"
 Days that always and ever will be
 Fondest and sweetest of memories to me.
 Many, yes, many a day has passed
 Since the fair Junetime when I saw thee last.
 Oh, Nazareth, dear Nazareth for thee I long!
 Could I but join the happy throng
 That daily grace thy loved domain
 And from thy teachers wisdom gain.
 Irene Leary.

A Farewell

Softly school-day skies close o'er us,
 Veiling all with golden light;
 There beyond us lies a pathway,
 Traced by duty,—clear and bright.
 Gently down life's gleaming river
 We've been sailing side by side,
 But no more our barks together
 Will drift upon its tide.
 As we leave our home of learning,
 Care free school-girls now no more,
 We recall with ardent yearning,
 Happy days forever o'er.
 Sweet years bright with joy and pleasure,
 Loving friends so true were found,
 All these memories which we treasured,
 Here our gladdened hearts have bound.
 In the future there are waiting
 Other joys that beckon fair,
 Yet our hearts are fondly lingering
 In the joys we tasted there.
 Yea, we turn with deepened sorrow
 From the spot we love so well.
 Our true hearts regret the parting,
 Pained to say our last "Farewell."
 Frances Gaffney.

Retrospect

Girt round with youths fair visions
 Our blessed Nazareth lies,
 In her great heart reflected
 The springtime of our lives,
 She blesses each and all of us
 As silently and slow
 We pass to scenes beyond her ken,
 Where shadows lie, we know.

Tracing our young life's journey
 Thro' the hours forever past,
 We see that loving kindness
 Hath led from first to last,
 Thro' many a grief and trial
 With firm brave heart withstood;
 All things by that sweet guiding
 Were ordered for our good.
 Esther C. Downs.

Our Pledge

Now farewell, dear fostering Mother,
 Strong our love, yet must we part—
 Turn from pleasant paths of learning,
 Ways alluring to each heart.

Here we labored, and our striving
 Now brings fruit of victory.
 Hearts courageous, hands full willing,
 Are the wealth we hold in fee.

May each noble-hearted classmate
 Make return for lavish care;
 Ours be loyalty unmeasured
 To thee, Nazareth most fair.
 Esther M. Callahan.





SMILES

O Terque Quaterque Beati

O Seniors, distinguished and honored,
I chant a loud pean in praise of thy worth,
For to-morrow's long year and thy life's years,
Shall see thy bright deeds gleaming over the earth.

O thou blessed, thou much envied Seniors,
Well steeped in all knowledge, well versed in old lore,
The deeds of thy doing shall tremble,
Refulgent to each distant shore.

Come, Muses, and lend thy clear voices,
To gild their fair glory for ages unborn;
Their confident boast make substantial
In deeds, till we hail the millenium's morn.

They've long bent their large minds to study,
Most faithfully plied every task of the day.
Oh, let them not pass unrewarded;
Usher them forth on a laurel-crowned way.
Margaret M. Hamlin.

Freedom and Victory

Soon shall we say farewell
To school, to books and class-room labor;
Soon will our hearts be free
To taste of life's delicious savor.

Soon Lamartine, le Grand Corneille,
And Johnson with his grumbling manner,
John Milton's "Twins," "bromific" Burke
Shall fall beneath our conquering banner.
Florence M. Tobin.

Delaying Pyrrhus

When first we met in Virgil class,
Our hearts were bright and gay,
We thought we could, and so we did
Translate great Virgil's lay.

One dark gray spell in winter,
Stood Phryus at the gate;
The Virgil class with ruthless hearts,
For three days let him wait.

We hope our Junior sisters,
Whose fame has spread around,
Will learn by our experience.
—So shall their days be crowned,
Anna Catherine Kettell.

The Ancient History Class

We've a class in Ancient History,
That nothing could surpass.
We're Seniors and we're Juniors,
And I tell you we're "some class."

We learn our lessons every day,
Believe me we're not slow;
We'll load up June examiners,
With all the facts we know.

We know Great Alexander,
And his march across the land;
We're acquainted with great Caesar,
Killed by a conspiring band.

Or maybe you might like to know
Of Martel or Charlemagne,
We all could tell you straightway
Of the record they maintain.

So if you chance to visit
Our Alma Mater's halls
Just drop in on the History Class
Before the curtain falls.
Marie Murphy, '17.

That Cane

Helen had a little cane,
It was too cute for words;
And the way that Helen loved that cane,
It really was absurd.

She carried to the studio
What do you think?—the cane;
And all the girls were simply shocked,—
Thought Helen was insane.

Now I admit that wasn't bad,
The worst is yet to come!
It made a sight most truly sad,
Lamented sore by some!

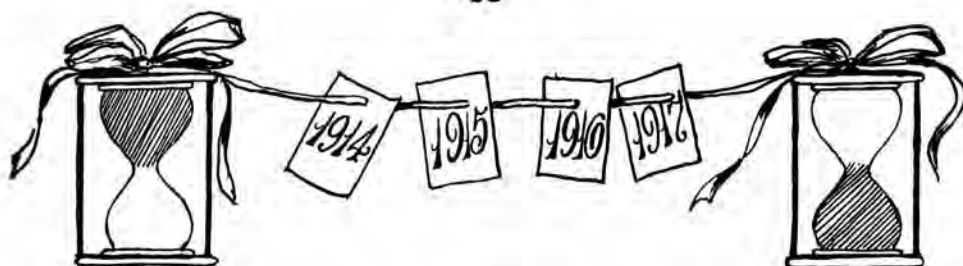
Down Main Street East sweet Helen walked,
And boldly swung her cane,
And as she walked along she talked,
In sentimental strain.

Beware, dear girl, of swagger sticks,
Or you may come to woe,
It brought her to a "pretty fix"
As we of Naz'reth know!

What torture is worse,
Than writing a verse
When you find simply nothing to say?
I think there is none
Beneath the great sun,
O Muses, build me a rhyme I pray.
Aurelia M. Smith.

O, Sophs- learned Sophs!
Launched upon your "milky way."
O attain your teachers hopes,
Predicted to us day by day.
Anna C. Kettell.

(Continued on Page Seventy-one)



Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1917

WE, the Class of 1917, which has had the privilege of being the first to occupy the dignified position of Seniors in the new school, wish now ere we depart, in full possession of impenetrable minds, to distribute the wealth and personal belongings which our brilliant and illustrious class, have collected during our life at Nazareth. We do, therefore, on this sixth day of June, nineteen hundred and seventeen, make and publish this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills and promises.

I. To our Right Reverend Bishop we bequeath our deepest appreciation and heartiest gratitude for all he has done for us. We confer on him our hearts' thanks for all the thought and care he has expended to make the New Nazareth the best of schools. We further stipulate that from our estate a tablet of brass be bought and hung in the Bishop's private office. On this table shall be engraved the words, "It is blessed to give," with the addition, however, of "Holidays." It is with great joy that we bequeath to his Lordship the first right to the use of one of the new hall-trees located in the office. Upon said article of furniture he may hereafter hang his hat, replacing the post of the stair-case in the old school, which tradition says, was his hat-rack from time out of mind. This pre-eminent right shall be his at whatsoever time he shall honor Nazareth Academy with his presence.

II. We give and bequeath to Rev. Mother Agnes a new limosine, to be bought with the money accruing from the overdue library books. We hope that she will thus be enabled to get down to see the Nazareth girls oftener. During the past year, we have missed her visits, which though infrequent, were most welcome.

III. To Rev. Father Simpson, our able instructor in religion, we bequeath a megaphone, with the aid of which we hope he may be able to penetrate the brains of future classes, also our note books in religion, in which he will find much startling information in regard to Church history and dogma. Such information as he may find therein we give him permission to use in his future instructions.

IV. We give and bequeath to the Juniors any stray Virgil note books which may be found. These will be of great value as they will not awaken suspicion by being too accurate or flowery.

V. To the Sophomores we leave the abundant supply of ink always found in our desk wells (?) in order that they may not disturb the peaceful serenity of study-periods by looking from desk to desk for this much prized fluid.

VI. To the Freshmen we leave our aptitude for pushing our way around in the lunch room and getting there before our favorite dishes are gone.

VII. We bequeath to the incoming Freshmen, the roof-garden on which they may plant their beans and corn, and may allow their biological specimens out to get the air.

VIII. To the vainer element among the Nazareth girls, if there be such, we give a full length mirror to be set in the door of each class room. This will eliminate the use of present subterfuges. Money for said mirrors shall be taken from the Senior play fund.

IX. To the Drawing Class we leave the pamphlet which we, with our artistic skill, have printed and illustrated. In this will be found a variety of new and ingenious excuses, to be presented when such are required. Such excuses as those given below being no longer in vogue and receive no sympathy from the drawing teacher: "I left my work on the dining room table," "The baby tore it up," "I had a headache Sunday night." This pamphlet will be found useful since there is at present a surprising lack of imagination shown on the part of some pupils.

X. To the Senior assembly room we leave a pitch pipe in order that the old saying, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," may not be proved but an idle vaunt. During the past year even the gentlest dogs have been known to run howling out of doors in protest against the above maxim.

XI. To the Commercial Freshmen we bequeath the liberty of using typewriting paper unstintingly. Although we ourselves have never enjoyed this privilege, we realize the untold joy it would give. We likewise bequeath to them our stock of invisible (?) erasers; these last mentioned articles to be employed however in extreme cases only.

XII. To the Stenography Class we will our ready ability to transcribe improbable notes; likewise a ton of paper to be used for dictation practice, thereby allowing the afore-mentioned recipients to spend their spare change for ice cream and peanuts.

XIII. To the Classes about to enter upon the intricacies of Law, we leave our ability to distinguish real from personal property. The pupil needs only to bear in mind that which is not nailed down, such as pencils, etc., are considered personalty (for the one seeing them first); and that which is fastened down, realty—the sole reason being that no one can walk away with it.

XIV. To the Correspondence Class, we bequeath the file in the north-east corner of the typewriting room. A thorough knowledge of filing can be gleaned from the above mentioned cabinet as it is a combination of every method and system.

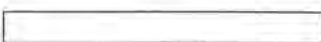
XV. To our teachers we will a new store of patience, benignity, long suffering, and mildness, to be practiced when facing excuses on Monday morning. We fear that we have well nigh exhausted their former supply, as we have noticed of late that a pleasant smile of forgiveness has not always greeted our tear-compelling tales of woe. And lastly for all our teachers we leave our love and heartfelt gratitude for all they have done for us during our four years under their guidance.

XVI. To Sister Marcella, our dear directress, we bequeath our sincere love and reverence. By her broad sympathy and charity and inspiration, she has made our life at Nazareth happy and profitable. We do, therefore make and appoint her sole executrix of this our last will and testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, WE, the Class of 1917, hereunto set our seal on this sixth day of June, A. D., nineteen hundred and seventeen.

CLASS OF 1917,

Per Helen Ball and Miriam Nier





"Artistic furniture is to the home what flowers are to the garden"—Says the Old Philosopher

*You are now or soon
will be home-makers*

Make
1917
"Better Homes"
Year

Make your home blossom with comfort and love
Let us assist you

Weis & Fisher Company

JOS. H. WEIS, President

Housefurnishers for Particular People

TWO STORES

50 STATE STREET (First Furniture Store from Four Corners)
897 CLINTON AVENUE NORTH, Cor. CLIFFORD AVENUE



Don't Be Misled

with "every" dry cleaning "sign." Be sure your garments are not sent promiscuously around the city or out of town through agencies displaying such "signs." Many are misled in this respect, and very frequently garments that should be thoroughly renovated are less than partly cleaned. Therefore, you get a wrong conception of what thorough Dry Cleaning means



OUR "Sign" does positively signify that your garments are cleaned and pressed from start to finish in our own establishment.

A Money Saver

to have Your SUIT or COAT

Dry Cleaned or Dyed

Our process will preserve the original brightness of your garments and keep them in a fresh appearance. No garment is too delicate for us to cleanse or dye, owing to the efficient facilities and experienced workmen in both departments. The increase in orders for dying proves that our proficiency in this department is giving entire satisfaction.

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Stone 2162 Phone and our Auto will call Bell 1843

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Agony or Bliss ?

(Apologies to J. G. Whittier)

A Nazareth girl, one fine morning,
Sat in the study hall, deeply mourning.
Beneath her hair—a crown of gold,
Her face appeared quite strangely old.
Her open book, what could it be?
In thought I questioned. Ah, woe is me!
I forward stepped,—who could be bolder?
And calmly glanced over her shoulder.
What troubles thee, oh friend of mine,
Tell me, I'll make thy burdens mine?
"It's Virgil," then, the hollow moan,
"I never can do this alone."
Now, what was I to say or do
But sit me down to Virgil, too?
We placed sweet Dido on the pyre
And Anna, her dear sister nigh her.
She fell upon her sword, Ah me!
The faithless one, O where was he?
Then Iris came from Mt. Olympus,
To give her soul to Stygian Orcus.
Her spirit fled, her life was done.
The book slammed, "Hey, let's have some fun."
I faced her straightway where she stood
"We could because we thought we could."
Hortense Savard.

Miss Senior

Secluded from dread Junior strife,
Miss Senior led a happy life.
A Latin mark of twenty-five,
Made her the happiest girl alive.
She cut her work and cracked her joke,
And freshmen wondered as she spoke.
Monica Quinlivan.

Ain't it a grand and glor-ee-us feelin'—
When your paper stays on a 62 per cent?
When you at last are given the promised holiday?
When you go to English History unprepared and the teacher
decides to have note-book work?
When your poster is accepted after doing it over only once?
When Burke is finished at last?
When your supplementary reading is done?
Oh, ain't it a grand and glor-ee-us feelin'?

Dingle, dingle, little bell,
Many things your tongue could tell!
Up upon the desk so high,
As the school hours quickly fly.

When the teacher is at work,
And the girls begin to shirk,
Then, the things that you do see,
Are unknown except to thee.

Mary had a little trot,
It's life was short but gay,
It followed her to Virgil class,
'Twas the end of a perfect day!

French III

Few indeed are we who roll,
Our careful "rs" in French,
Conning verbs through mirth and dole,
Lest wisdom's gracious light we quench,
Care our teacher's brow has lined,
Hammering to make us grind.

Olga Baglin.

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Agatha: "I saw the doctor to-day about my loss of memory."

Marion: "What did he do?"

Agatha: "Made me pay in advance."

"Healthy," said Angela (from Honeoye Falls), "I should say our town is healthy; why there's only been one death here in ten years."

"Indeed!" replied the visitor. "And may I ask who it was that died?"
"Our doctor; he died of starvation."

Angelina, translating Caesar—"The Gauls"—(pause).

Teacher—"Versare."

Angelina—"Were sorry."

A daily occurrence—Lucille chanting her virgil in the Assembly Hall.

The Height of Nothing to Do—Study Hour.

Teacher—"Can anyone give me a derivative of asper?"

Lucille (dreamingly)—"Asparagus."

Teachers faults are many,
Pupils faults are two,
Everything they say
And everything they do.

Mother—"Now, Marie, that's twice you have forgotten the lard."

Marie—"Well, Mother, you know it is so greasy it slipped my mind."

Can you imagine anything like this?—

Carol coming to school on time.

Marion C. without her English History books.

Nanon B. coming to school regularly.

Elizabeth S. with a low percent.

Viola McN. raising her voice.

Helen F. without a smile on her face.

Mabel C. without a bouquet.

Margaret H. on stilts.

Marie C. without her hair curled.

Teacher (reading Milton) "With nods and becks and wreathed smiles."
Esther, "What is the similarity between a wreath of flowers and a smile?"

Esther: "They are both round."

"Tell me the answer to this Chem. question."

"I can't. I'm studying English history."

It was in the Biology class. The teacher was insistent, the pupils, dreamy for it was Monday morning. After trying several questions without success, she ventured this one.

"What is the highest form of animal life?"

At first the same barren silence.

Then—"The giraff," piped Mary confidently.

From Virgil:

They unfurled the "watery" sails.

The owl prolonged its note into a "Whale" (wail).

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Teacher (explaining an original in Geometry): "Anna, suppose your mother got a pound of steak and cut it exactly in two, how much would she have in each part?"

Anna: "One-half pound."

Teacher: "Suppose she cut it again, what would she have?"

Anna: "One-fourth pound."

The teacher had Anna's mother cutting the steak until she got one thirty-second, then she again asked Anna: "Anna, what would your mother have if she cut it again?"

Anna (aside to a Classmate): "Hamburg."

Latest version of Virgil:

Arma—I arm

Virum—Man

Cana—With a cane.

Anna: "Here is that dollar I owe you. It dropped into a puddle, but it will soon dry."

Marion: "I never accept wet money."

Anna: "Why?"

Marion: "Because it's dew (due) in the morning and mist (missed) at night."

What is the attraction at Nazareth Academy for dogs, big, little, lean and fat? If the squirrels were constant visitors, we could understand the reason.

About 10:30 every morning, there is an excellent example of "preparedness" given by Company "N."

Christian Doctrine Teacher: "Who killed Abel?"

Marie: "I don't know, Sister, I just came here last week."

English Teacher: "What's the difference between a sanitarium and an asylum?"

Pupil: "About \$100 a week."

"Come on, let's go to the movies," said her friend.

"Can't" said Dorothy. "I must finish this theme. I am late with it now."

"When is the last possible moment you have to turn it in?" questioned her friend.

Dorothy considered thoughtfully. "A week ago last Tuesday," she answered.

One day a member of our class who had answered to morning roll call, was missing. Our worried teacher sent one of our number in search of her. May we say that the missing one was enjoying herself in the library, or shall we say that she was suffering from some sudden illness, as was plainly shown by the deep rings under her eyes which had appeared as if by magic?

However, our unfortunate classmate was escorted back to the class, where she was offered a comfortable chair upon which she reposed, till sudden tremors shook her frame. Was it pain or levity? Dark tales are told, which make us fear that it was the latter. This suffering classmate was excused for a time from arduous study.

We suggest that the guardian-angel of all sick and suffering pupils establish a branch of the Red Cross Society.

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We used to go to school on Jay Street,
But that seems long ago,
Now other scenes our glad eyes greet,
Yet we loved the old school so.

Old or new, 'tis Nazareth still,
And however far we roam,
Tender thoughts our minds shall fill,
Of our happy girlhood's home.

N is for Nazareth which we love with great zest,
A is for Annual which must be the best,
Z is the Zenith, to which we aspire,
A our Ambition, points higher and higher,
R for the Right touching each heart with fire,
E is for Excellence in all that we do,
T is for Teachers whose hearts all beat true.
H is the Haven of Peace smiling here.
Nazareth—a name by each classmate held dear.

From the hilltop looks our Nazareth,
As the lighthouse from the sand.
Sweet memories are waving
Their farewell with kindly hand.
One glance, dear chums, behind us;
For the fine old school, one sigh,
Ere we leave our Alma Mater
For the life of bye and bye.
Monica Quinlivan.

Facing Life

To-day is the best day to improve.
Success comes by patient endeavor,
Braving the present, forgetting the past.
Grit it demands, I confess,
But 'tis the road to success,
Laying hold with a brave, "Now or Never."
Hildred Brown.

Youth Time

We played through the years of our childhood,
We laugh through the years of our youth,
But years are advancing upon us,
And sounding life's charge without ruth.
No longer we'll live in youth's elfland,
But will dream of those rose-tinted hours,
When friends, youth and love were around us,
And the gladness of green fields and flowers.
Aurelia M. Smith.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

The New Nazareth Academy	-	2	Choral Circle and Violin Class	-	37
Dedication	-	3	Commercial Class History	-	38
Our Flag	-	4	Old Nazareth	-	38
Foreword	-	5	The Girls from R. C. H. S.	-	39
Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D.D.	-	6	The Best School of All	-	39
Our Bishop	-	7	The Junior Class	-	40
Rev. Edward B. Simpson, Ph.B	-	8	The Sophomore Class	-	41
1917	-	9	The Freshman Class	-	42
Academic Graduates	-	10-15	Junior Commercial Class	-	43
The Nazareth Girl	-	15	Cast of Plays	-	44
Commercial Graduates	-	16-28	Dramatics	-	45
Nazareth	-	28	Book-Lovers' Club	-	46-47-48
Graduate in Music Course	-	29	Famous Sayings	-	48
Pirate Craft	-	29	New Nazareth	-	48
A Farewell	-	29	Debates	-	49
Commencement Speakers—Class Officers	-	30	Snap Shots	-	50-60-67-83
Class Day Program	-	31	Class Oration	-	51
Toast to 1917	-	31	Songs	-	52-56
Editorial Staff—Cut	-	32	Poetic Attempts	-	57-60
Editorial Staff—Poem	-	33	Last Will and Testament	-	63-64
Senior Cartoon	-	34	Cartoon for Advertisements	-	65
Class History	-	35-36	Smiles	-	61-62-71-75-79

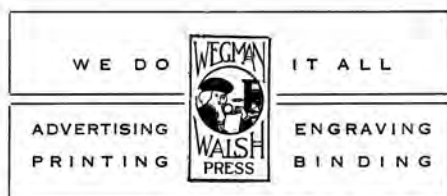
INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.	-	78	O'Reilly's Sons, Bernard	-	86
Brown Bros. Co., Inc.	-	80	O'Keefe, John	-	89
Boucher, George T.	-	80	Parisian Cloak House	-	85
Burke, FitzSimons, Hone Co., Inc.	-	80	Perry, Geo. W. & Co.	-	89
Brown, Joseph J.	-	82	Rochester Business Institute	-	74
Brown & Pierce Co., Inc.	-	84	Rochester Top Lift Co.	-	78
Bryan's Drug House	-	86	Rankin Brothers	-	81
Christy Color-Printing-Engraving	-	72	Ryan & McIntee	-	82
Carson, Wm. & Chas. H.	-	76	Rochester Can Co.	-	88
Citizens Bank	-	81	Rochester Camera Exchange	-	84
Catholic Journal, The	-	89	Rooney, E. J.	-	89
Duffy-Powers Co.	-	70	Staub & Wilson	-	68
Davin & Son, Michael	-	74	Scrantom, Wetmore & Co.	-	73
Dispenza, Chas. M.	-	86	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.	-	77
Edelman, Lewis	-	73	Schaefer & Hartel	-	78
Edwards & Son, E. W.	-	84	Schantz Co., Joseph A.	-	78
Fahy Market	-	80	Salter Brothers	-	85
Fischer, Frank W.	-	82	Shepard, Elliott F.	-	89
Fitz Patrick, H. J.	-	88	Stone, J. Dumont, M. Cp.	-	89
Genesee Valley Milk Products Co.	-	88	Sam Gottry Carting Co.	-	89
Gorsline & Swan Construction Co.	-	76	The Central Bank	-	76
Howe & Bassett Co., Inc.	-	69	Tucker Electro Plating Works	-	81
Howe & Rogers Co.	-	74	The Rochester Telephone Co.	-	81
Heberger's Photographic Studio	-	77	The Rochester News Co.	-	82
Home Laundry	-	81	The Meng & Shafer Co.	-	82
Huther Brothers	-	82	Thompson Creamery, The G. E.	-	86
Jeffreys	-	89	The White Wire Works Co.	-	86
Kaelber, Edwin C., Inc.	-	84	Trant's Catholic Supply Store	-	88
Klem	-	85	The Linen Store	-	89
Lamb, Charles H.	-	81	Union Oil Works	-	85
Leach Shoe Co.	-	84	United States Rubber Co.	-	86
LuNette Shop	-	86	Upton Cold Storage Co.	-	89
Lippincott, Charles	-	89	Vaccaro, Sam	-	89
McCurdy, Robinson Co.	-	72	Weis & Fisher Co.	-	66
Maier's Sons, L. W.	-	85	Whitmore, Rauber & Vicinus	-	70
Marrion & Co., T. H.	-	85	White Studio	-	84
McKee, Dr. James A.	-	85	Whalen & Co., R.	-	85
McAnarney, John H.	-	89	Viall & Son, Geo. I.	-	84
Maurer-Haap Co., The	-	89	Ward's	-	89
Oberlies, Jos. H.	-	69	Zick, Joseph	-	81



Sister M. St. John

Sister M. Samina



Sr. M. Marcella
 Sr. Agnes Bernard
 Sr. M. Alfred
 Sr. Bernardine

Sr. M. Aimée - Ch. Doctrine
 Geometry
 Latin III-
 Sr. M. Thomasetta
 Sr. M. Mathia
 Sr. M. Mavilua
 Sr. M. Marianella
 Sr. M. Clara

Sr. Lina
 Grace Duffy
 Emma Peters
 Dorothy Reynolds
 Bernice L. Darroch, '18.
 A. Beatrice Ash
 Dolores (Messel) '18.
 Thomas Maynard
 Sr. Agnes Bernard

Miss Dot Hays '18

Louis Fisher

Dorothy McLaughlin

Lucille Fitzgerald P.P.D.L.

Ray McCarthy (M.P.S.S. P.D. 2.1 T.C.)

Mary H. Scanlan (I.T.C.)

Katherine Cook '19.

Helen D. Munson '18

Mary Byrne

18

Therence C. Ryan '15
a. Louise Murray

Edg. Schuch
E. M. Brown '18

Dorothy Brown '18
E. M. Brown '18

a. Louise Murray
E. M. Brown '18

Mary Louise Cook

Marion Haley

Othel M. Reilly '18
Minnie Gannon

Cath. Pinduck

Anna Schuch

Glenn

Carroll

Miss D. ...

Catherine C. Ryan '18 [S. 12. R.]

Pat. Shuckan

Mary Shuckan

19

